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The Lowndes Savings bank & Trust Co.

FIEND HANGS BY THE NECK

Frank Johnson Pays the Penalty on the Gallows at State Prison.

Frank Johnson, the self-confessed murderer of Beulah Martin and four other persons, was hanged at the state penitentiary at Moundsville, late Friday afternoon. The drop occurred at 5:13 o'clock and life was extinct nine minutes later. His neck was broken at the first and second cervical-vertebrae. According to medical science, Johnson's death was painless, he lapsing into unconsciousness the moment the rope stretched.

Seldom has a condemned man gone to his death as fearfully as did Johnson. Although a large man, of powerful physique and in the very prime of life, he wobbled very perceptibly as he mounted the steps to the scaffold and his almost limp body swayed from side to side while the straps were being adjusted as he stood upon the trap door. Had it not been for the strong arms of Captain Joseph Boyd and Warden Dawson supporting him, it is doubtful if Johnson would have kept his feet. Withal, he was cool, and appeared to be making a tremendous effort to die game.

The March from the Cell to the scaffold started at 5:10 o'clock. Before mounting the first step leading to the scaffold, Johnson stopped, knelt upon his knees, and offered up a short prayer. He walked up the steps between Warden Dawson and Captain Boyd, both of whom had a hand on his arm, which helped to support him. His face, while free of contortions, showed plainly the mental anguish he was undergoing. He was weak in the knees and his body swayed and his head wobbled as though his neck was limp. No time was lost in getting him in a proper position on the trap door, and while his faithful religious adviser, Rev. Sanford, offered consolation to his miserable soul by earnest prayer, Guards Boyd and Knight buckled the straps about his chest, arms, knees and ankles, and Warden Dawson slipped the noose over the wretched negro's head, and as he did so the poor brute looked at him appealingly like a dog when his master is punishing him. The rope being adjusted, Warden Dawson deftly slipped the black cap over the negro's head and nodded to Rev. Sanford, who was still praying directly in front of the condemned man.

The Drop.
As Rev. Sanford spoke the word "Amen" at the conclusion of his prayer, Warden Dawson reached to the wall and pressed a button. Instantaneously the two trap doors on which the negro was standing flew back with a crash and his body shot through the opening and hung motionless except for a slight swaying movement natural to a suspended body when disturbed. Instantly Dr. Boone, the prison physician stepped forward, grasped the swaying body and applied the stethoscope to the victim's heart. Several other physicians, about thirty of whom were congregated about the suspended body, took turns at feeling the pulse and applying their ears to the heart. Twenty-five beats of the heart were counted from the time the stethoscope was applied. The body was allowed to hang for several minutes after life was extinct. It was then lowered, the noose removed, after which it was placed on a cooling board and carried by two negro convicts to the hospital to be prepared for burial.

TANNERY BURNS.

EVERETT, Pa., July 17.—Fire of incendiary origin today destroyed the main building of the Elk Tannery Company here. The loss is \$350,000.

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CORN REMOVER
WILL MAKE THEM GO
ONE BOTTLE "SKIDOO" LIQUID 3 CORN REMOVERS
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KILLING TRUE AS TO CHICAGO

Chicago Records Show Johnson Did Kill a Woman in That City.

STEBENVILLE, O., July 18.—No evidence can be found here that Frank Johnson ever murdered a woman here, as stated in his confession. No one was murdered or found dead here so far as can be learned on or about November 16, 1906. His story of wholesale murder is not accounted for by local authorities. A colored family lives at 132 South Seventh street, but they know nothing of the alleged crime. About four years ago a colored woman was killed at that address, but supposedly by her husband, who escaped and has never been found.

Killed His Wife.
CHICAGO, Ill., July 18.—The Chicago police records show that in August, 1904, Edith Hanna was shot by her husband, who was known as Edward Walton at No. 810, Peoria street, and that she died two days later. The shooting followed a quarrel resulting from some demand made upon the woman by Walton, the nature of which was not known. Walton fled and was not arrested.

No Record at Atlanta.
ATLANTA, Ga., July 18.—Nothing is known here of the negro, Edward Walton alias Frank Johnson. Neither federal nor state prison records show that he is wanted in Georgia.

Nothing of Deeds.
BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 18.—Inquiry at the sheriff's office concerning the negro, Edward Walton, alias Frank Johnson, who confessed to killing a man at Blossburg, Ala., near here, elicited no definite information of any such crime. There is no record of Walton being wanted here.

JAIL WOMAN AND DAUGHTERS

Mrs. Seldon Boggess, Colored, and Children Await the Grand Jury's Action.

Mrs. Seldon Boggess, colored, and two daughters, Victoria, aged 14, and Bertha, aged 12, are prisoners in the county jail awaiting the action of the next grand jury on the charge of breaking into Jacob Pittro's house on Simpson's fork of Limestone creek, Saturday last and taking away some clothing. They were taken to the jail from Wilsonburg Thursday evening by Magistrate John T. Flynn, of that place.

The woman and her daughters were given a hearing on the charge Monday at the conclusion of which the magistrate held them for the next grand jury in bonds of \$100 each. To give them opportunity of furnishing bonds they were not taken to jail for two or three days, but Thursday evening it became apparent to the magistrate that the bonds would not be forthcoming so he took them to the prison. At the trial, Mrs. Boggess fainted and a doctor had to be sent for to render medical assistance.

CHAFIN NAMED.

Chicago Man is the Nominee of the Prohibitionists for President

COLUMBUS, O., July 17.—For president, Eugene W. Chafin, of Chicago.

For vice president, Aaron S. Watkins, of Ada, O.

This ticket was nominated by the Prohibition national convention and both nominations were made unanimous. The full endorsement of the convention was not, however, given to Mr. Chafin until after three ballots had been taken.

INJUNCTIONS GRANTED

Judge Charles W. Lynch has granted two temporary injunctions in cases of the J. J. Strother heirs against the Hope Natural Gas Company, the litigation being over gas territory near Katylick. The injunctions restrain the gas company from drilling wells on the boundary.

THE CONFESSION

"My true confession, so help me God:
"My name is Eddie Walton, was born in the state of Georgia, Wilkes county, near a town called Pistol.

"The first bad deed that I ever did was to kill a horse in 1890. The next in 1896 at Blossburg, Ala., I killed a man for money. I don't know the man's name. Robbery was my motive. I don't know who to let know of the crime.

"The next was in Chicago, Ill. I killed a woman at No. 81 South Peoria street. She had been my wife and then we had been apart for about two years. In 1904 of August I asked her to come back to me and she would not do so, and I shot her to death. She died so I learned in about three days after the shooting without having regained consciousness. I married her in Joliet under the name of Edith Hannon.

"I shot a man in Joliet concerning this same woman, but to the best of my knowledge he did not die. As to the woman every one in Chicago who knew her and I, knows that I shot her and made by escape. I don't know whom to notify except the police department at Chicago.

"From there I went to Ratoon, New Mexico, under the name of Frank Harris and then becoming excited, believing that I was going to be caught, I went from there to Gallup, Mexico, and took the name of Frank Johnson.

"My next crime was committed in Youngstown, O. I helped rob a man there. Don't know who to notify at all or who the man was. That was in 1906.

"My next crime was in Pa. near a small town called Shippensville. I shot a man there, having heard that he and some more fellows were going to rob me. I met him and shot him three or four times. I did not wait to see whether he was going to try and rob me, but in fact he was about to pass me. That was in July of 1906. He died several months afterwards and as I learned from the effects of the shooting. I don't know the man's name only that he was called 'Blue.' Don't know who to make this known to except some of the officials at Shippensville.

"The next crime was of the same year, November 16 or 17, when I killed a woman. We lived as man and wife in Steubenville, O. I think that the number of our dwelling place was 132 South Seventh street. The name of the woman that we roomed with was Mrs. Brown. Although I lived with her as man and wife I had the woman for immoral purposes. I took her from Steubenville to a place called Bradley P. O., or Crow Hollow. I took her up there on a job to meet a pay day. We left there in three or four days and went to Lock No. 11 with another man that she had formerly lived with. On the night of the 16th or 17th we had been cursing and fighting all day and from jealousy I beat her. That same night I started home with her and before getting home we quarreled again and within about two or three miles of the locks I knocked her down, beat her and kicked her, and having on a heavy pair of shoes, in kicking her over the heart I killed her.

"I did not wish to kill her, but this does not excuse the crime. I took her then and carried her about a half mile on my back and hid her in some bushes along the river bank. I then left the country without going home and completely covered up my crime. It is my earnest belief that the waters carried the body away and no one knows of the crime. I do not know who to let know of the crime unless it is some of the officials at Steubenville or Brilliant, O. There are none of her people that I know anything of whatever. She said her home was in Roanoke, Va., and gave her name as Mamie Gill or she may have said Staunton, I am not sure.

"And last, but not least, was my killing of Beulah Martin, God being my judge and helper this the truth, and I would to God that no word of it were so.

"I make this confession of these crimes freely and fully, not because of my desire to appear as a desperado before the public, not because I hope thereby to receive any benefit from the world at large, but I make it believing that it is one of the last restitutions that I can make to both God and man."

We the undersigned, do bear witness that this is Eddie Walton's, alias Frank Harris, alias Frank Johnson's true confession, made before us this 26th day of May, 1908.

[Signed]

WILLIE JACOBS, SAMUEL HUNTER,
JOHN HAWKINS, BROWN LOVE, MATT BRENT.

VIVID ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION

Given by Frank Shuttleworth, Who Was One of the Spectators.

Upon request of the Telegram editors Frank Shuttleworth, who attended the hanging of Frank Johnson in the state penitentiary, obliged this paper with the following observations and impressions of that occasion:

Yesterday afternoon a quiet and orderly crowd of about seventy persons, all men, were standing on the lawn at the front entrance of the state prison at Moundsville. A few minutes after 5 o'clock some one in a low tone said to go to the rear. We all passed around the wall and were met at a gate by a guard who took our cards and admitted us to an enclosure similar to the street car barn, which had yet another gate, which was not opened until all had entered and the other gate closed. We were given a printed slip which we had time to read in the three minutes we remained in this place.

"This slip was a notice asking for strictest silence and decorum, as well as directing us to leave in the course and manner we had entered after we should receive the order of the warden to retire.

"The other gate was then thrown open and we passed through a line of guards across to the small hall in which the execution took place.

"As we were passing through the court we heard a hymn sung by all male voices, which concluded just as we reached the hall.

"As we entered we looked up at the gallows and saw the prisoner attended by the guards stepping toward the center of the platform, the warden and chaplain waiting until we had settled in our positions. Observing the prisoner closely we noticed his neat white suit, his face closely shaved and his whole appearance was clean and tidy. He never

uttered a word through the entire ordeal but obeyed the order to place his feet on the proper spot.

"There was only the slightest look of worry on his face, which seemed more of inquiring of what was expected of him in the way of submission, his glance with perfect resignation went out straight at the faces before him, he allowed the straps buckled about him and the noose to be slipped around his neck without a move further than once to make a general survey as if to read in the faces of the officers that arrangements were complete. The black hood was placed over his head covering his face and the knot on the rope.

"Now is the intense moment, the warden with one hand holding slack a few feet of the rope and the other stretched toward the electric button that operates the trap device. The chaplain already in prayer, which with the word amen the prisoner's body drops like a plummet and you hear that sound anyone would know though they had never heard before. We look again, the warden and guards for a while standing fixed and rigid, the chaplain has whirled with back toward the trap, his face bowed, pale, tearful, solicitous. We move out and one of the last, we glance back and see beneath the stage a physician with his ear on the side of the suspended body, another with hand on pulse.

"At just 5:20 we are outside. This is what transpired in just ten minutes and we were reviewing in our minds the why and whereof of it all. We looked at the building, that great pile of stone; we saw the bars and the swinging windows; we looked at the well kept lawn of flowers, shrubs and aquariums of gold fish; we thought of the thousands of whips, and skirts and brooms made there daily; we thought of the great lock and doors of this institution and the ingenious contrivance of death we had just seen operating; we thought of the painting by the skilled pris-

oner, and the artists among the forgers and counterfeiters, but when we thought of the life that had just been choked out, we said, Old prison, within your walls you have not altogether enough humanity to follow for a second this 'cunningest' pattern of excelling nature' or 'the former light restore' long enough for one poor tap of the pulse."

LEGS OF FARMERS ARE TO BE PULLED

By Bryan and Kern for Money to Aid Them in Their Campaign.

FAIRVIEW, LINCOLN, Neb., July 17.—The first appeal for campaign contributions by the Democratic candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency were made today. In a formal message directed to the farmers of the country Bryan and Kern urge them to contribute according to their means and in other ways assist in restoring Democracy to power.

DAUGHTER DIES.

The body of Filomena, the four-months-old daughter of Bageo Paz-zetto, a foreigner, who died Thursday night, was buried in Holy Cross cemetery Friday afternoon. Services were held in the Catholic church.

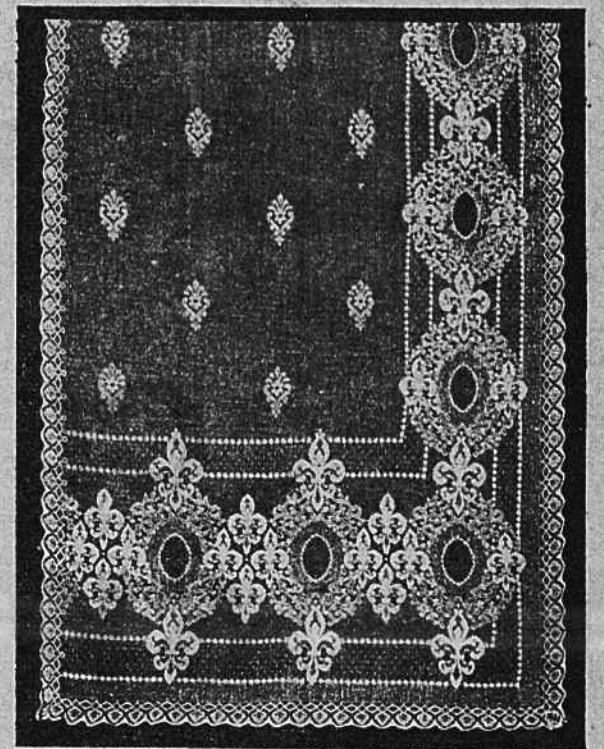
BURIED IN HOLY CROSS.
The fifteen-months-old child of Carmelo Machicari, a foreign laborer at Wolf Summit, who died Thursday night, was interred in the Holy Cross cemetery Friday afternoon, after short services held over the body at the Catholic church.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 18.—Eight persons were severely injured today when a Jackson Park branch elevated train crashed against the bumpers at a terminus of the road.

FLETCHER

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FLETCHER
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